

AFTER the lapse of so many years since his death, that great American, Abraham Lincoln, has a fitting monument to his memory. It has been slow in coming into existence, but it has gained in both size and significance on that account. It is today one of the most striking and beautiful monuments ever erected to the memory of any man. It has cost our country \$2,584,000, and there will be few to find fault with this vast expenditure. It is a kind of a verification of the adage that the patient waiter is no loser, since the monument is so much more splendid than it could possibly have been had the memorial to Lincoln planned away back in 1867 been erected. In that year the Lincoln Memorial Association was incorporated by an act of Congress, and it was decided to erect to his memory a monument to cost one hundred thousand dollars. Postmasters all over the country were authorized to receive subscriptions for "a monument commemorative of the great charter of emancipation and universal liberty in America." One of the best-known sculptors of that day, Clark Mills, was asked to make a design for the monument when the sum of ten thousand dollars had been subscribed. Somehow interest in the movement languished when this amount had been received, and the fund did not increase. The ten thousand dollars received is still in the treasury, and may be used in some way in helping to pay for the noble monument that has now come into existence.

As the years increased, the greatness of Abraham Lincoln grew upon the people and it became inevitable that a monument of some kind should be erected to his memory, and that a failure to do so would be a national reproach. In the year 1911 Congress took up the matter of a Lincoln Memorial in earnest. By that time we had become one of the richest nations in the world and a one-hundred-thousand-dollar memorial would not have satisfied the American people. A commission was appointed by Congress to plan the memorial, and no restrictions as to cost were put upon them. Their plans were not rejected when they reported that the memorial they had decided upon would cost \$2,584,000. Authority to "go ahead" was given, with the result that we have at last a noble memorial to one of the greatest men ever known in history. There is no American name is better known throughout the world. Monuments to him have been erected in other lands, and one finds them in many places in America, but we have now the first national monument to Abraham Lincoln. The first spadeful of earth turned in the building of the monument was turned on Lincoln's birthday in the year 1914, when William Howard Taft performed this ceremony. The dedication took place on Lincoln's birthday, 1920, and the building was at that time through up to the present.

Never did a building stand on a firmer foundation, an entire year having been given to the forming of this part of the structure. Of this we read: "Knowing that the land around the Potomac was hydric, the officials planning the foundation early discarded any idea of excavating. Instead, they sank one hundred and twenty-two hollow steel cylinders, ranging from forty to fifty-two inches in diameter, each one being driven down until it reached the solid blocks of concrete weighing thirty tons were used to drive the huge cylinders into the earth. Cranes swung one block after another on top of the cylinders, and as the weight increased the stems of steel slowly disappeared. When the floor of the memorial was laid it was high above the level of the ground, as high, indeed, as a fair-sized building. Yet all that was visible at that time is now beneath the earth. One million cubic feet of earth, forming an artificial hill, have been dumped about the foundations. The laying of the base completed, the building of the Memorial itself was begun, a task which proceeded without interruption for four years. The marble came from the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, eight thousand feet above sea level, and is called Colorado-Yule marble. Many of the blocks, especially of the columns, are very large, the largest being six by eighteen feet. The roof of the Memorial is unique, being of white marble slabs less than one inch in thickness, and so prepared in a white wash solution that it admits the light."

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

By Everett Ellis

The most striking thing in the interior of the building is the great statue of Lincoln. This statue is the work of one of America's most famous sculptors, Daniel C. French. The statue is built up from twenty pieces of white marble from Georgia, and it weighs two hundred and fifty tons. It and the pedestal on which it rests rise to a height of about thirty feet. It is probably the largest marble statue ever made.

Very striking and beautiful are the memorial paintings in the building. They are the work of Jules Guerin, and represent the constant labor of several years.



The Lincoln Memorial

Indeed, this artist was so jealous of the work that he would allow no hand but his own to do any part of it. Because of the great size of the paintings, Mr. Guerin had to have a studio built expressly for them. These decorations are twelve by sixty feet in size, and of course

each one of the paintings has historical significance.

The beautiful marble columns all around the building are forty-four feet in height, and the total height of the building above the face of the terrace is one hundred and two feet. It is so situated that it can be seen from almost any part of the city. The thirty-six columns seen above the top step of the building symbolize the thirty-six states constituting the Union at the time of the death of Lincoln. At the top of the wall is a decoration supported at intervals by eagles, of forty-eight memorial festoons,

representing the Union of states of today. The most carping critic could not find fault with the completed Memorial, which will serve the good purpose of increasing the admiration and the affection of the people of today and future generations for the name of Abraham Lincoln

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

I AM hungry for adventure. Life is monotonous in the village. I am going to put on my skates and go up the river. Have not been up as far as the Indian settlement since the river froze solid, and it is one glorious afternoon," declared Barbara Rusk, scanning the crystal river from the window.

"Gong alone, Bab?" questioned the brother Ronald. "Why don't you take Pauline Derry, the new girl. She is a prime skater. She clipped the wings of all the girls at the open-air rink the other night. By the way, what is the matter with her, anyhow, that you girls don't mix with her more?"

"The fault lies with Pauline Derry," announced Barbara, seizing her own skates. "Our Willing Workers' Club was friendly enough when Pauline and her mother first came to the village. We invited her to the class social and class-meetings, and she was bored. You could tell that by her eyes. They were absolutely void of sparkle. Naturally there is nothing exciting about the Willing Workers, and Pauline Derry has tasted adventure and excitement. Our set could scarcely appeal to her."

"Don't doubt Pauline Derry found the town until it reached the solid blocks of concrete weighing thirty tons were used to drive the huge cylinders into the earth. Cranes swung one block after another on top of the cylinders, and as the weight increased the stems of steel slowly disappeared. When the floor of the memorial was laid it was high above the level of the ground, as high, indeed, as a fair-sized building. Yet all that was visible at that time is now beneath the earth. One million cubic feet of earth, forming an artificial hill, have been dumped about the foundations. The laying of the base completed, the building of the Memorial itself was begun, a task which proceeded without interruption for four years. The marble came from the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, eight thousand feet above sea level, and is called Colorado-Yule marble. Many of the blocks, especially of the columns, are very large, the largest being six by eighteen feet. The roof of the Memorial is unique, being of white marble slabs less than one inch in thickness, and so prepared in a white wash solution that it admits the light."

"Oh, how thrilling to skate on and on and on instead of just circling around a measly little rink. Your brother says that you have won several prizes for long-distance skating," offered Pauline, and her eyes flashed yearningly.

Barbara looked toward Pauline Derry to share with her the afternoon's adventure? She had always delighted in going alone on these excursions up the river. She had never invited any other girls to accompany her, fearing they would be regarded in the race. For one moment boredom had deserted the eyes of the new girl. The animation kindled there was startling. Perhaps if Barbara invited Pauline to accompany her this afternoon she might interest her in the Willing Workers' Club.

"Miss Derry, my brother says you are a splendid skater. Wouldn't you like to go on the great adventure with me this afternoon. We can make the Indian settlement and return before dark. It is quite interesting up there, with several genuine wigwags built near the camps," invited Barbara with a cordiality that was surprising to herself.

"Oh, how good of you to ask me. There is nothing I would rather do. I am so excited," responded Pauline, and Barbara wondered why she had once called the new girl listless.

Energetically the two girls struck out, crossing the narrow river and skirting the opposite bank, passing the houses of the village and here and there a farmhouse. There then was a long stretch of brush, broken occasionally by a clearing with summer cottages and bathing-places. Once, the girls paused to rest, and climbing the bank found shelter on the veranda of a summer cottage.

"Miss Derry, you are wonderful! I believe you could outdistance me," exclaimed Barbara as they rounded a point and Pauline showed no symptoms of fatigue.

"Please don't call me Miss Derry," entreated Pauline. "Shall we go on now? What is that alluring great house on yonder bank?"

"That is the Pines Hotel. We often

go there for picnics. The proprietor, Mr. Daniels, is a friend of dad's, and we are quite at home. You reach it by boat, and it is very popular. Mr. Daniels left for the South today. Dad went to the station to give him a farewell message, but missed him. He runs a small hotel down South. We will make that our next stopping point," laughed Barbara as they came upon a closer view of the hotel with its alluring verandas.

A few moments later the girls turned inshore and climbed the steps that led to the hotel. Pauline's eyes sparkled as she surveyed the frozen river from the balcony. What a wonderful place to picnic summer days! Suddenly Barbara's excited cry rang out startlingly on the frosty winter air.

"Look, the side door of the hotel is wide open. All the windows are boarded up and the other doors barricaded. But that one has been left invitingly open. I know Mr. Daniels is very particular about shutting up the hotel during the winter months and sometimes employs an Indian lad from the settlement to guard the property. Shall we make an investigation?"

Pauline answered by following Barbara warily through the open doorway into the dark hall. There was scarcely a glimmer of light because of the boarded windows. The hotel was big and cheerless and chilly. Barbara led the way by instinct. Suddenly a moan startled the girls.

"The house is not empty. Somebody is here and in pain," exclaimed Pauline, and Barbara felt the firm warm clasp of Pauline's fingers grip her own.

With throbbing pulses the two girls followed the sound of moaning through the big drawing-room to the manager's office. A single light glowed on the table—a kerosene lantern, which threw an uncanny glare over the room. Then they caught a glimpse of a man's figure stretched out on the floor close beside the safe with its door open wide.

"Someone has been tampering with the safe," whispered Barbara; then catching a glimpse of the man's face, she cried out excitedly, "Mr. Daniels!"

The man turned his head slightly and his face was white with pain. Pauline floor and the bloodstains dyed the rug under the crudely bandaged foot of Mr. Daniels.

"It—it was an accident. I—I came to the safe for some papers—and I was going to get the gun ready to take to the Indian up the settlement. I forgot it was loaded. I tripped and the gun exploded. My foot is pretty bad. I had some old linen in my desk and made a dab at a bandage. But I don't dare move for fear of a hemorrhage," groaned Mr. Daniels.

"Quick! Whatever shall we do? It—it is bleeding now, and we are so far from a doctor," broke in Barbara in fright.

"I think I can fix it up till we get the doctor. I have taken first aid and have



"I believe you could outdistance me," exclaimed Barbara

handled such cases before. Do you know where the linen-closet is, Barbara? I want lots of linen," broke in Pauline coolly, dropping on her knees beside the injured foot.

Barbara seized the lantern and flew to the linen-closet, glad that she knew the lay of the hotel. She hunted out lamps and lighted them, searched for wood and started a fire in the kitchen range. She filled a pot with chunks of ice and melted it and sterilized a kettle of water.

Time passed swiftly as the girls

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